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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI.

MASTER OF KUNG FU

AGAIN... AGAIN... AGAIN...



...RAZOR FIST!

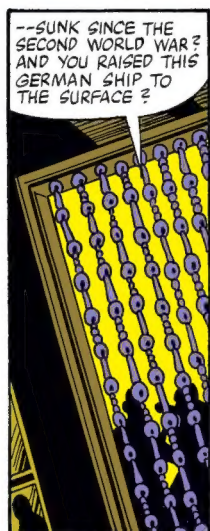
"Call me Shang-Chi, as my **father** did, when he raised me in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. I learned many things from my father: that my name means 'The Rising and Advancing of a Spirit,' and that my body could be forged into a living weapon through the discipline of kung fu. Since then, I have learned that my father is **Dr. Fu Manchu**, the most insidiously evil man on Earth... and that to **honor** him would bring nothing but **dishonor** to the spirit of my **name**."

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

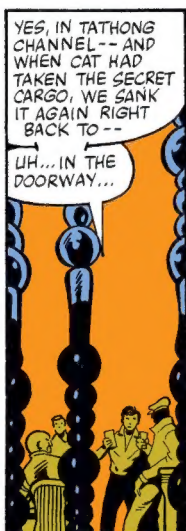
MASTER OF KUNG FU!

Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER



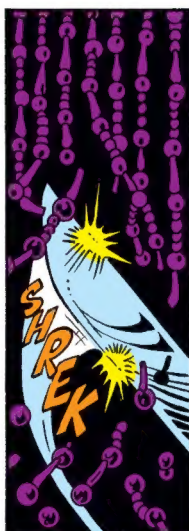


--SUNK SINCE THE SECOND WORLD WAR? AND YOU RAISED THIS GERMAN SHIP TO THE SURFACE?

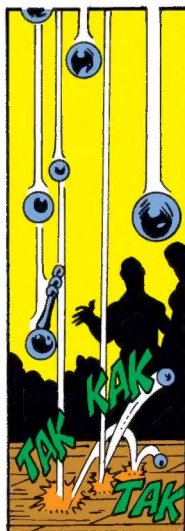


YES, IN TATHONG CHANNEL-- AND WHEN CAT HAD TAKEN THE SECRET CARGO, WE SANK IT AGAIN RIGHT BACK TO--

UH... IN THE DOORWAY...



SHREK



TAK KAK TAK



WHO--?



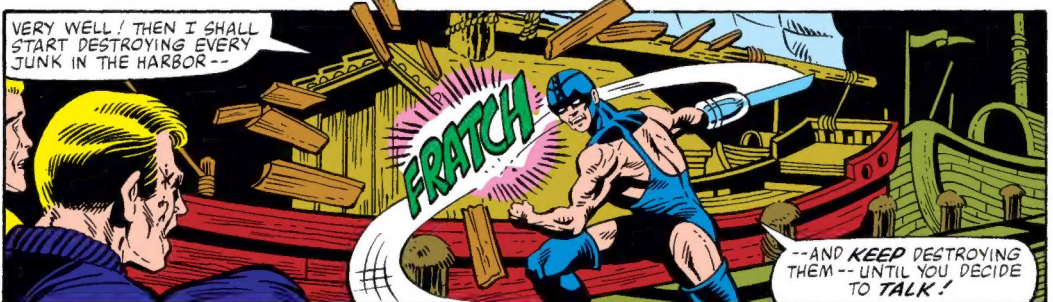
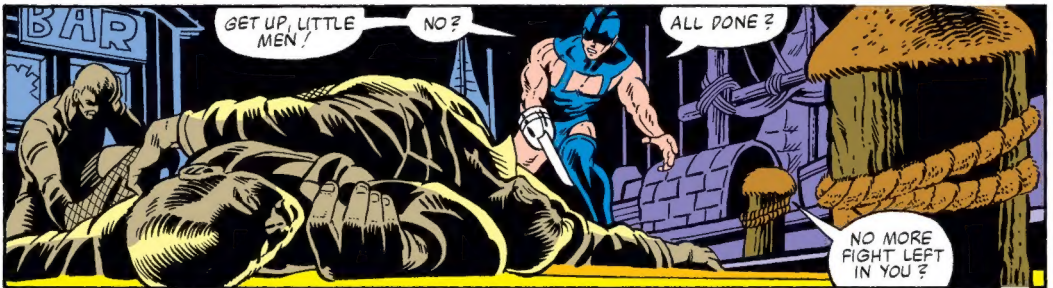
THE NAME IS RAZOR-FIST.

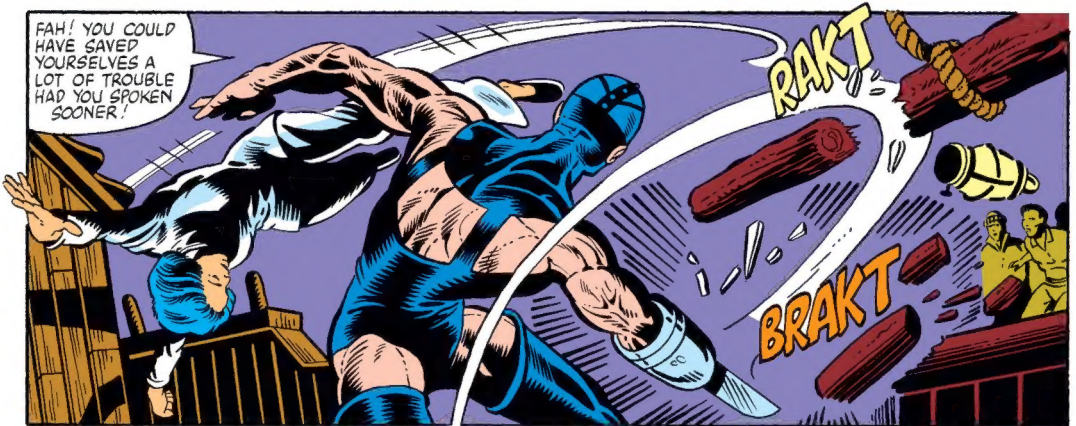
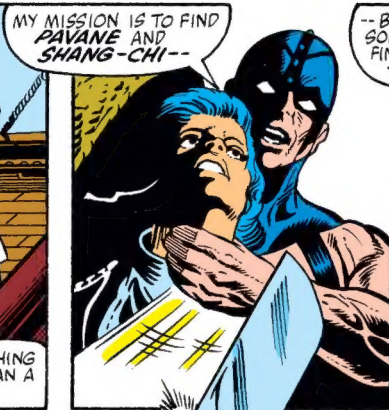
I'M LOOKING FOR SHEN KUEI...

...THE MAN KNOWN AS CAT.

TELL ME WHERE I MAY FIND HIM.







"NAYLAND SMITH'S TOWNHOUSE IN THE MAYFAIR SECTION OF LONDON..."

WELCOME, CLIVE-- JOIN BLACK JACK AT THE TABLE, WILL YOU? AND LET'S GET RIGHT DOWN TO THE REASON FOR THIS MEETING...

I'VE JUST RECEIVED A DOSSIER FROM AN UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR-- NO RETURN ADDRESS...

PRECISELY, CLIVE, ALTHOUGH SINCE THE AGENCY'S REORGANIZATION, ALL INDICATIONS SUPPORT THE NOTION THAT MI-6 IS ONCE AGAIN ON THE UP AND UP. AT ANY RATE, THE DOSSIER CONCERNS AN AFFAIR FROM SEVERAL YEARS BACK... THE VELCRO AFFAIR.

... BUT IT COULD ONLY HAVE COME FROM ONE SOURCE. NO ONE ELSE HAS THE WHEREWITHAL TO GATHER INTELLIGENCE INFORMATION SUCH AS THIS.

MI-6, SMITH? OUR DEAR FORMER EMPLOYERS GONE ROTTEN?

SOMEWHERE ELSE...

MISSION CONCLUDED, BUT WITHOUT POSITIVE RESULTS-- SUBJECTS HAVE ALL RETURNED TO ENGLAND.

VERY WELL. RETURN HERE TO HOME BASE.

YOUR BROTHER IS NOW IN LONDON; HE WILL CARRY ON FROM THERE.

UNDERSTOOD. SEE YOU SOON.

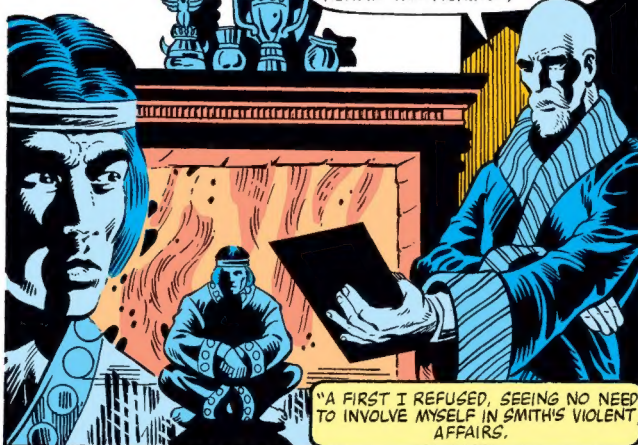
SEVEN MURDERS HAVE BEEN COMMITTED IN THE LAST YEAR, EACH VICTIM A FORMER ENEMY OF CARLTON VELCRO...

...AND FIVE OF THEM OLD MI-6 COMRADES WHO HELPED US PUT A STOP TO VELCRO'S OPERATION AT THE GULF OF LIONS IN SOUTHERN FRANCE. ALL WERE MURDERED-- OR ASSASSINATED, I SHOULD SAY -- BY, I QUOTE "A WIDE-BLADED SWORD."

"A WIDE-BLADED SWORD, LIKE THOSE USED BY RAZOR-FIST, HE WHO SERVED VELCRO WHEN I ACCEPTED MY FIRST MISSION UNDER NAYLAND SMITH'S DIRECTION..."



WELL, LAD? WILL YOU HELP ME PUT A STOP TO CARLTON VELCRO'S HEROIN TRAFFICKING?



"A FIRST I REFUSED, SEEING NO NEED TO INVOLVE MYSELF IN SMITH'S VIOLENT AFFAIRS."

"BUT THEN HE TOOK ME TO A DRUG REHABILITATION CLINIC, SHOWING ME THE EFFECTS OF VELCRO'S PROFITS ON THE LIVES OF DESPERATE MEN..."



"THE NEXT DAY I PARACHUTED WITH BLACK JACK TARR INTO THE GROTTO HOSTING VELCRO'S FORTRESS AND PLEASURE PALACE."

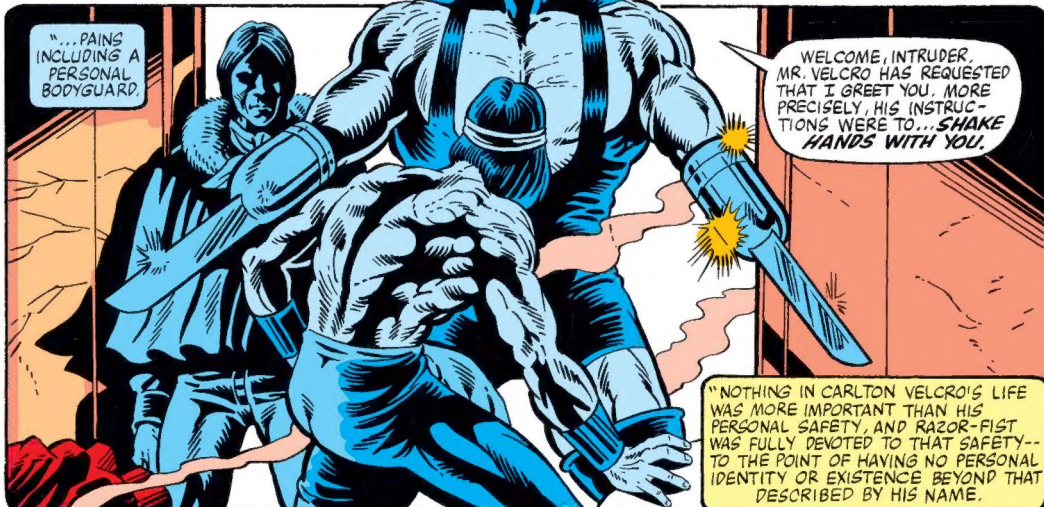


"IT CONTAINED A FORTUNE IN THE WHITE POWDER CALLED HEROIN."



"HE HAD TAKEN GREAT PAINS TO PROTECT HIS OPERATION..."

"...PAINS INCLUDING A PERSONAL BODYGUARD"



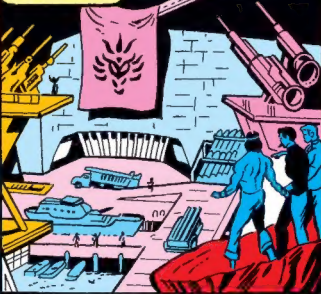
WELCOME, INTRUDER. MR. VELCRO HAS REQUESTED THAT I GREET YOU. MORE PRECISELY, HIS INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO...**SHAKE HANDS WITH YOU.**

"NOTHING IN CARLTON VELCRO'S LIFE WAS MORE IMPORTANT THAN HIS PERSONAL SAFETY, AND RAZOR-FIST WAS FULLY DEVOTED TO THAT SAFETY-- TO THE POINT OF HAVING NO PERSONAL IDENTITY OR EXISTENCE BEYOND THAT DESCRIBED BY HIS NAME."

"WE FOUGHT, INCONCLUSIVELY, AND I ESCAPED--"



"-- ONLY TO DISCOVER VELCRO'S *TRUE* BUSINESS, A PRIVATE NUCLEAR ARSENAL HIDDEN BY A SCREEN OF DRUG TRADE.



"VELCRO HAD A LOVER, ONE WHO ALSO FUNCTIONED AS A BODY-GUARD.

"HER NAME WAS PAVANE.



"WE ALSO FOUGHT, UNTIL RAZOR-FIST RETURNED..."



"... AND THEN VELCRO FOUND US ALL. HE TOOK NO CHANCES --"



"-- ORDERING HIS GUARDS TO OPEN FIRE..."



"... LONG BEFORE HIS LOYAL BODYGUARD COULD GET OUT OF THE WAY.

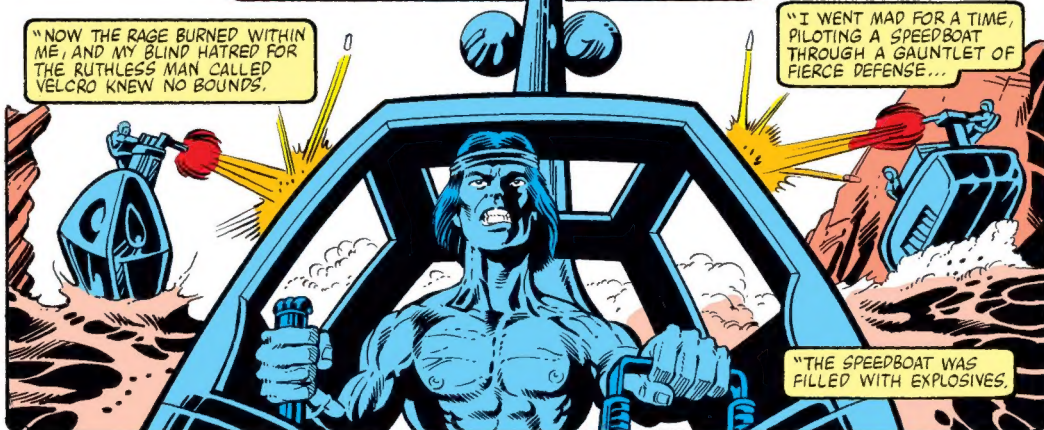


"I WAS QUICKER--"

"-- AND AGAIN ESCAPED, EVEN AS RAZOR-FIST WAS CUT DOWN FOREVER.



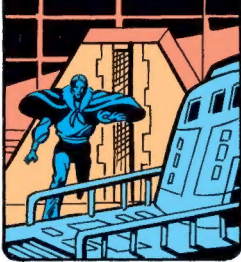
"NOW THE RAGE BURNED WITHIN ME, AND MY BLIND HATRED FOR THE RUTHLESS MAN CALLED VELCRO KNEW NO BOUNDS.



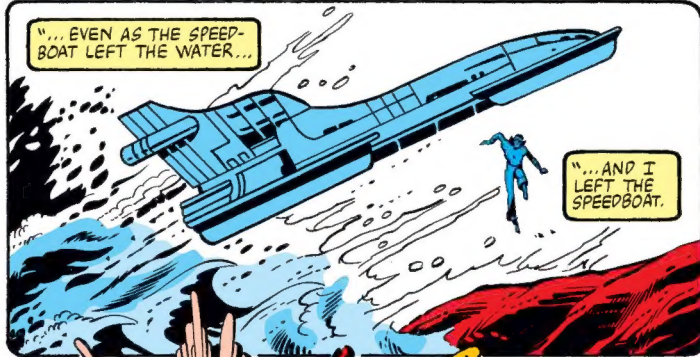
"I WENT MAD FOR A TIME, PILOTING A SPEEDBOAT THROUGH A GAUNTLET OF FIERCE DEFENSE..."

"THE SPEEDBOAT WAS FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES."

"VELCRO SOUGHT
TO ESCAPE IN ONE
OF HIS SUBMARINES..."

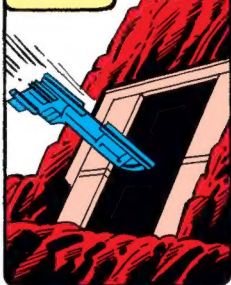


"... EVEN AS THE SPEED-
BOAT LEFT THE WATER..."

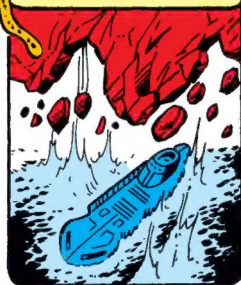


"...AND I
LEFT THE
SPEEDBOAT."

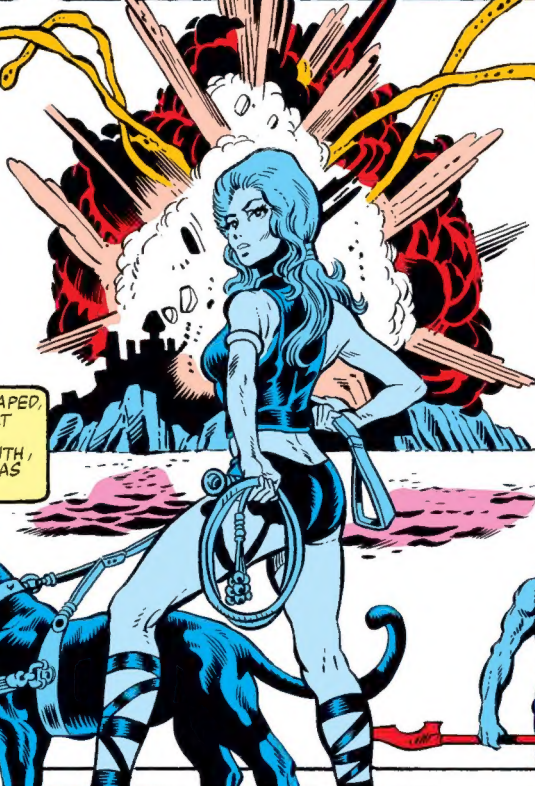
"IT LODGED IN THE
PORTAL OF HIS DREAM
PALACE..."



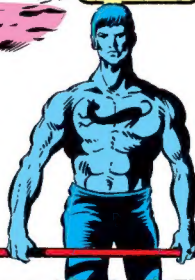
"...AND CARLTON VELCRO'S
PRECIOUS WORLD CAME
TUMBLING DOWN ON HIM."



"ONLY WICKED PAVANE ESCAPED,
AND I LATER LEARNED THAT
SHE HAD BEEN BETRAYING
VELCRO-- WORKING, IN TRUTH,
FOR THE MADMAN KNOWN AS
MORDILLO."



"LATER, SHE JOINED
FORCES WITH SHEN KUEI,
BUT ONLY BRIEFLY... AND
THAT WAS THE LAST TIME
I SAW HER."



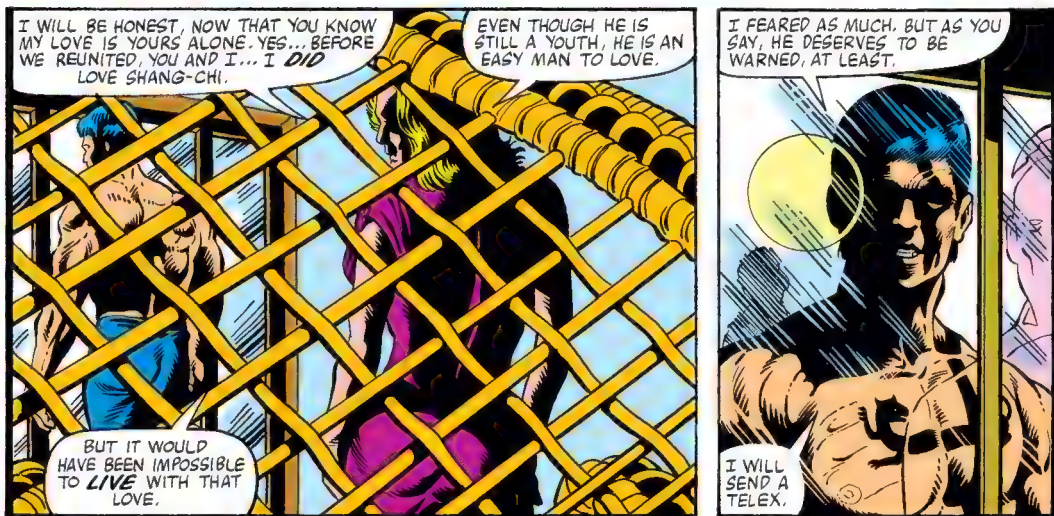
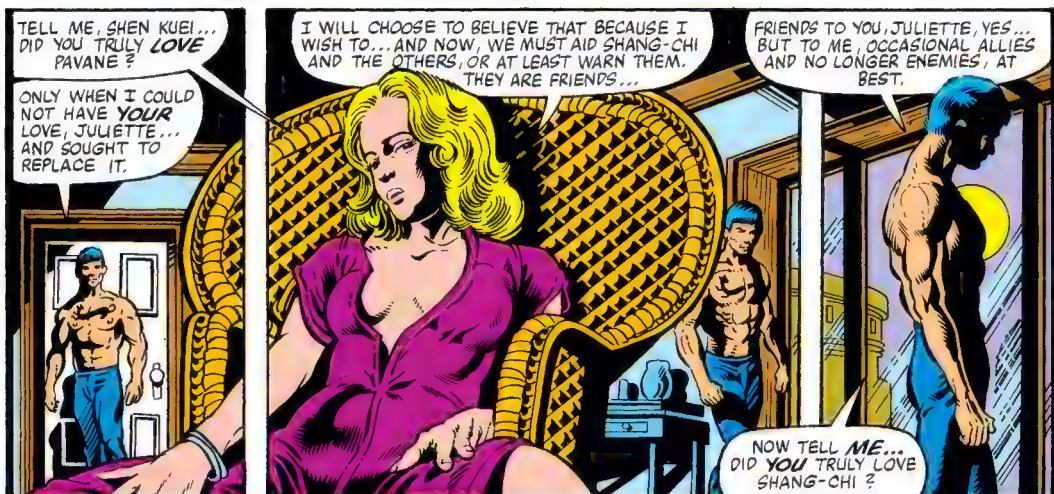
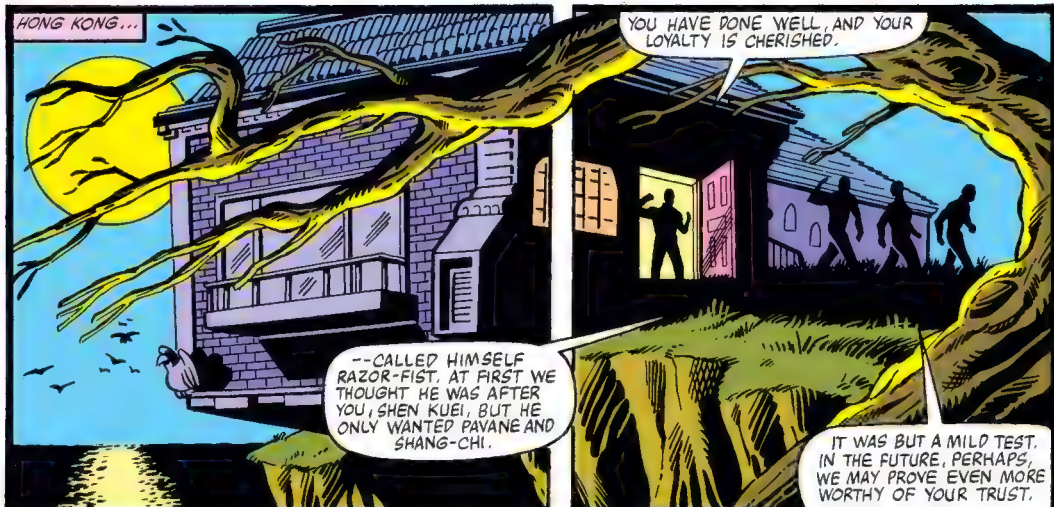
"AND NOW..."

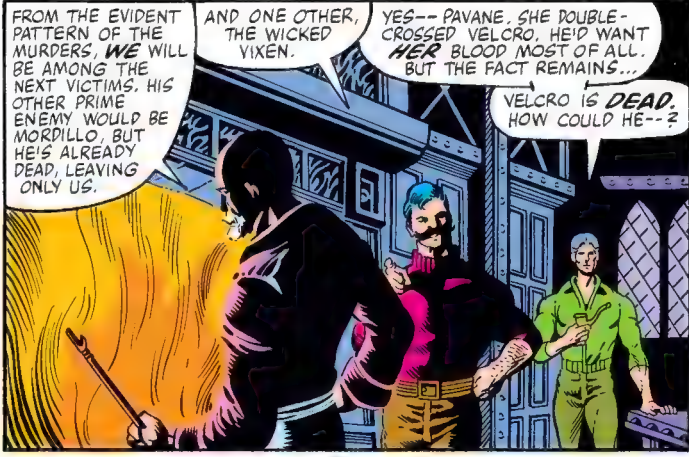


-- THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT, IN VIEW OF THE INFORMATION IN THIS
DOSSIER, THAT VELCRO HAD AN ACE HIDDEN UP HIS SLEEVE..."

"... AN ACE WHICH
ENABLES HIM TO SEEK
VENGEANCE EVEN AFTER
HIS DEATH."

"SO IT WOULD SEEM."



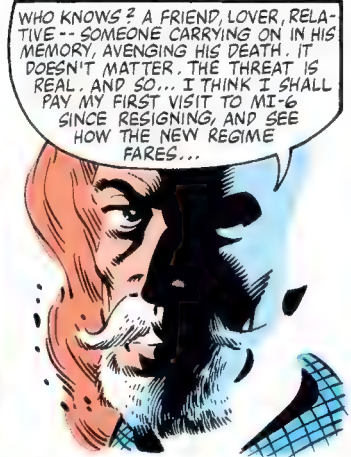


FROM THE EVIDENT PATTERN OF THE MURDERS, **WE** WILL BE AMONG THE NEXT VICTIMS. HIS OTHER PRIME ENEMY WOULD BE MORDILLO, BUT HE'S ALREADY DEAD, LEAVING ONLY US.

AND ONE OTHER, THE WICKED VIXEN.

YES-- PAVANE. SHE DOUBLE-CROSSED VELCRO. HE'D WANT **HER** BLOOD MOST OF ALL. BUT THE FACT REMAINS...

VELCRO IS DEAD. HOW COULD HE--?



WHO KNOWS? A FRIEND, LOVER, RELATIVE-- SOMEONE CARRYING ON IN HIS MEMORY, AVENGING HIS DEATH. IT DOESN'T MATTER. THE THREAT IS REAL. AND SO... I THINK I SHALL PAY MY FIRST VISIT TO MI-6 SINCE RESIGNING, AND SEE HOW THE NEW REGIME FARES...



AND MAYBE LEARN WHO SENT THIS INFO DOSSIER?

QUITE, BLACK JACK. IF WE HAVE FRIENDS IN THE NEW ORDER, IT WON'T HURT TO THANK THEM.

AND PUMP 'EM FOR **MORE** INFO, OF COURSE!



THINK WE SHOULD TELL CHI, YET? HE WAS THE SINGLE LARGEST FACTOR IN VELCRO'S DOWNFALL.



YES, THE LAD'S AROUND THE HOUSE HERE SOMEWHERE. I SUPPOSE WE **SHOULD** APPRISE HIM OF--

NO NEED, SMITH.

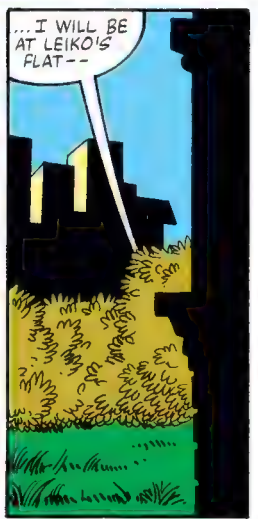


YOUR WINDOW IS THIN... AND MY TRANCE LIGHT.

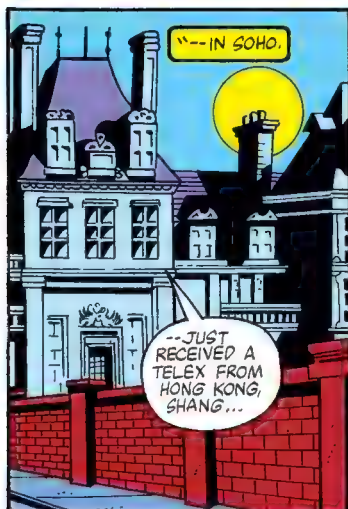
WELL, I'LL BE...



IF YOU SHOULD FIND YOU NEED ME AFTER YOUR VISIT TO MI-6...



... I WILL BE AT LEIKO'S FLAT--



--IN SOHO.

--JUST RECEIVED A
TELEX FROM
HONG KONG,
SHANG...



IT'S FROM SHEN KUEI, THANKING US FOR OUR HELP--
AND WARNING US OF DANGER FROM A MAN WHOSE
RIGHT ARM ENDS IN A BLADE. HE WAS LOOKING FOR
US AND PAVANE IN HONG KONG.

RAZOR-FIST...
BUT HE IS
DEAD...



...AND **BOTH** HIS
ARMS WERE SWORDS.
YET THE VELCRO
CONNECTION IS
CLEAR.

GUESS WE WON'T BE
GOING OUT TONIGHT.

NOTHING LIKE THE
SHADOW OF A DEATH-
THREAT TO PUT A
DAMPEN ON ONE'S
EVENING.



I WANTED TO STAY NEAR
THE PHONE ANYWAY,
LEIKO. I SUSPECT
WE WILL SOON
RECEIVE A CALL
FROM---



--NAYLAND SMITH.

A LONG TIME SINCE
I'VE BEEN HERE TO
WHITEHALL... AFTER
SO MANY YEARS OF
SPENDING NEARLY
EVERY WAKING
MOMENT IN THE
PLACE.

WHAT A PITY
THAT IT ALL
WENT SO SOUR...

...WHEN THE RENEGADE
AGENTS TOOK OVER AND TURNED
THE PROUD PLACE INTO LITTLE
MORE THAN A GATHERING SPOT
FOR ASSASSINS...



I CAN ONLY HOPE
IT'S TRUE, FOR THE
SAKE OF THE ENTIRE
NATION, THAT THE
AGENCY IS ONCE
AGAIN HONORABLE...



WONDER WHAT THEY'VE DONE
TO MY OLD OFFICE... AH, WELL,
I SHALL FIND OUT SOON
ENOUGH... WHEN I MEET
THE NEW HEAD OF THE
BRANCH.

I'M AWARE OF YOUR PAST STANDING IN MI-6, SMITH-- I BELIEVE THIS WAS YOUR OLD OFFICE, IN FACT-- BUT I MUST PROFESS TOTAL IGNORANCE IN THE MATTER OF THIS FORWARDED DOSSIER.

VERY WELL, MR. HARKINS, AND THANKS FOR TROUBLING YOURSELF TO SEE AN OLD WARHORSE LIKE ME. BUT I STILL CAN'T HELP WONDERING...

IF YOU DIDN'T SEND THE DOSSIER, THEN WHO--

I SENT IT NAYLAND!

YES. NOW, HARKINS, IF NAYLAND AND I MIGHT SHARE THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OFFICE FOR A FEW MINUTES...?

FAH LO SUEE!

CERTAINLY, MADAM. I HAVE BUSINESS DOWN THE HALL ANYWAY.

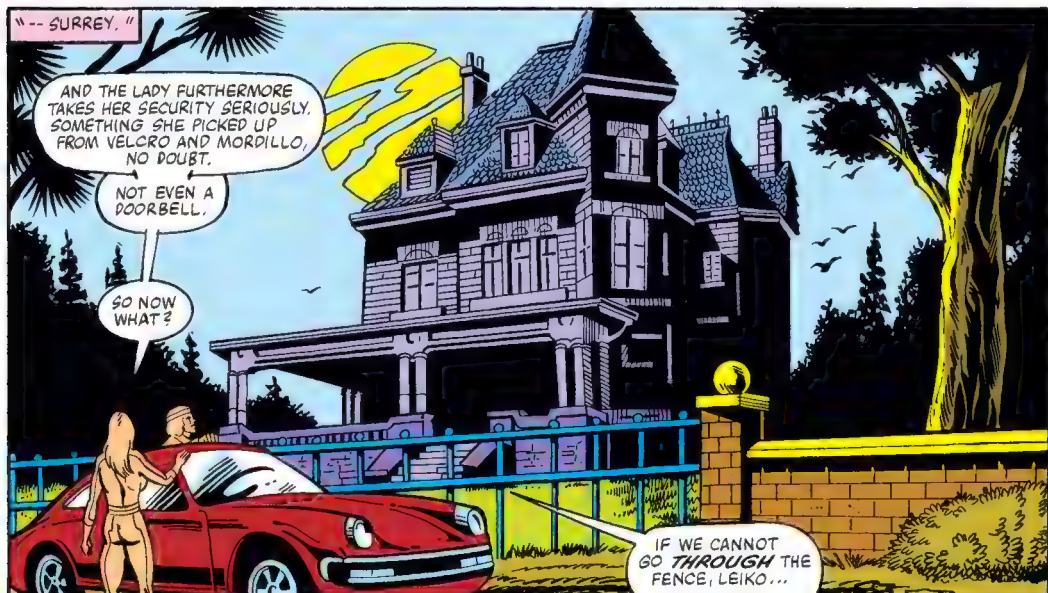
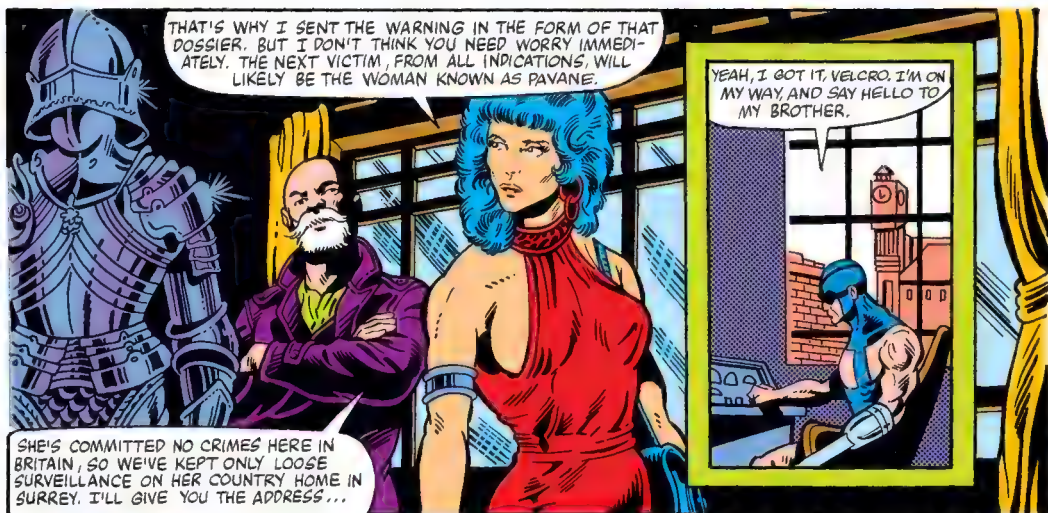
I KNEW YOU'D HELPED INSTALL THE NEW REGIME HERE, FAH LO SUEE, BUT I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE STILL--

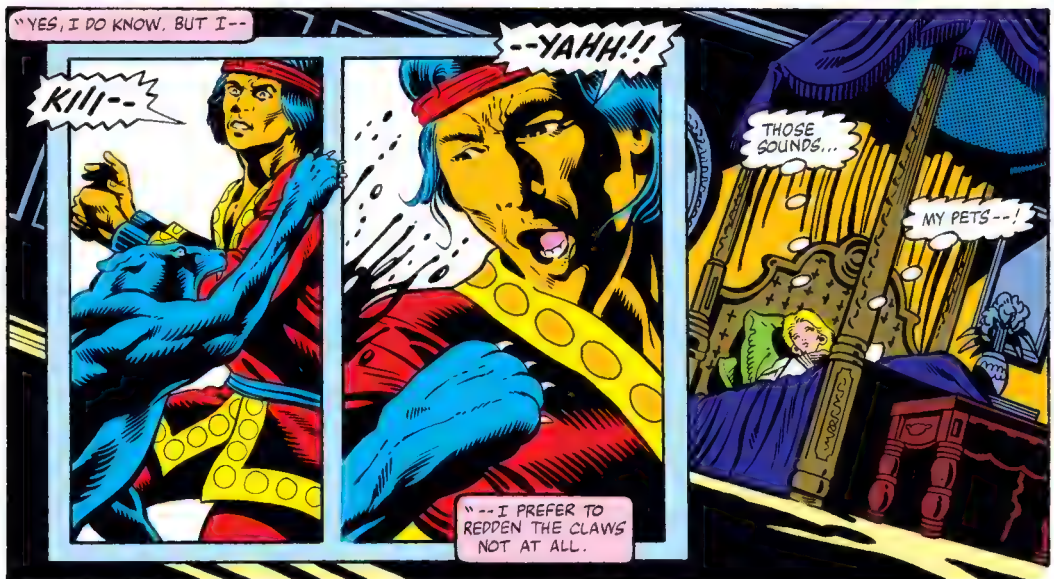
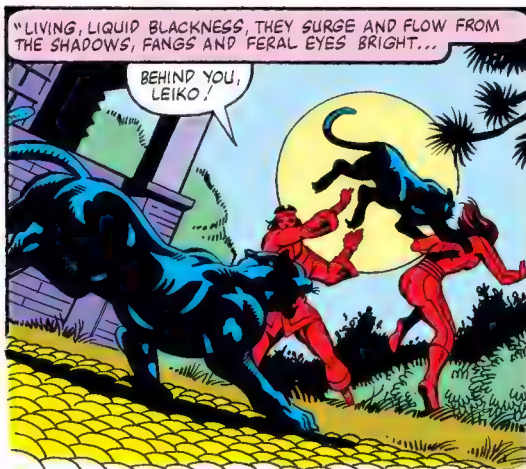
AFTER THE REORGANIZATION, NAYLAND, AND NOW THAT MY FATHER FU MANCHU IS NO LONGER ACTIVE, THERE SEEMED LITTLE ELSE TO OCCUPY MY TIME.

SO NOW I AM A... CONSULTANT... HERE AT MI-6.

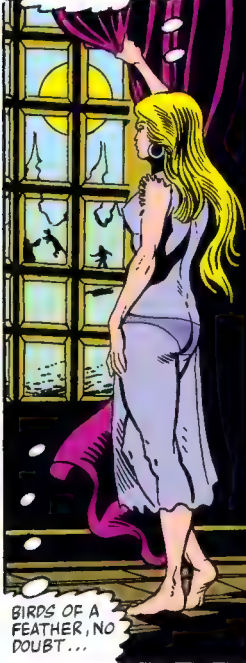
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, NAYLAND, AND THERE IS STILL MUCH FEELING BETWEEN US, WERE IT NOT FOR MY FATHER'S IMMORTALITY SERUM, I MIGHT HAVE GROWN OLD GRACEFULLY, AS YOU HAVE, AND WE MIGHT NOW BE TOGETHER...

BUT AS IT IS... WELL, LET ME SIMPLY SAY THAT I WISH NO HARM TO COME TO YOU.



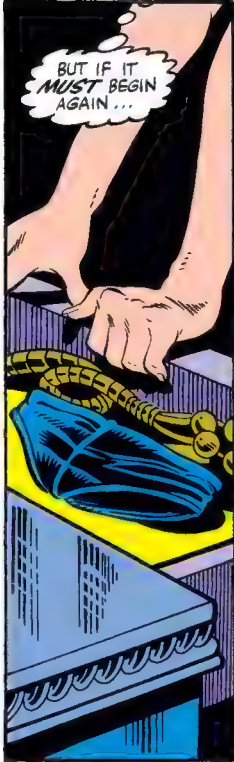


WELL, WELL... THE SEXY SHANG-CHI AGAIN, IS IT? AND LITTLE LEIKO WU. WHAT DOES HE SEE IN HER?



BIRDS OF A FEATHER, NO DOUBT...

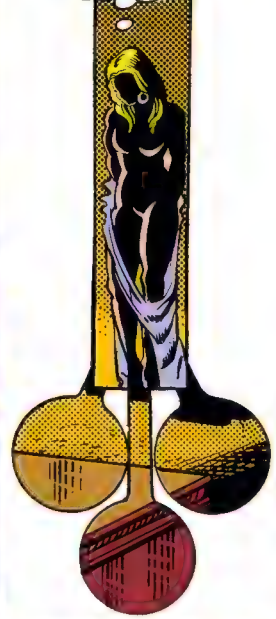
ANYWAY, IT BEGINS AGAIN... JUST WHEN I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK IT WAS ALL OVER...



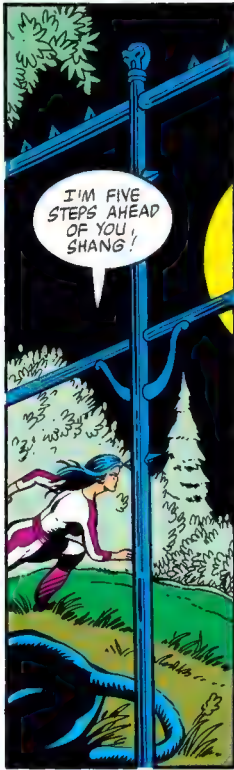
BUT IF IT **MUST** BEGIN AGAIN...

...THEN PAVANE WILL BE READY FOR IT.

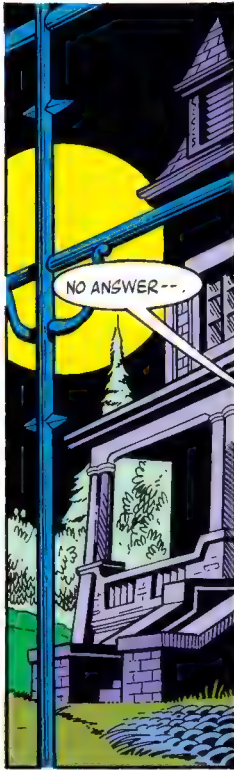
READY FOR ANYTHING.



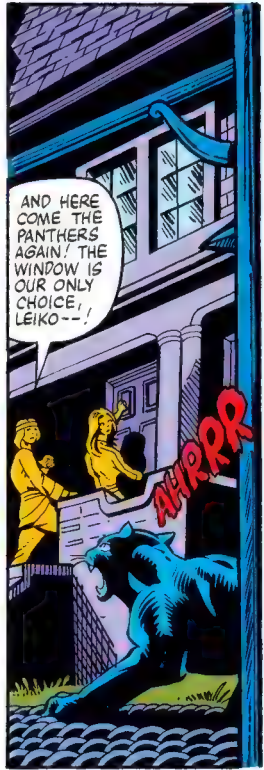
NOW, LEIKO! THE CATS ARE STUNNED! RUN FOR THE HOUSE!



I'M FIVE STEPS AHEAD OF YOU, SHANG!



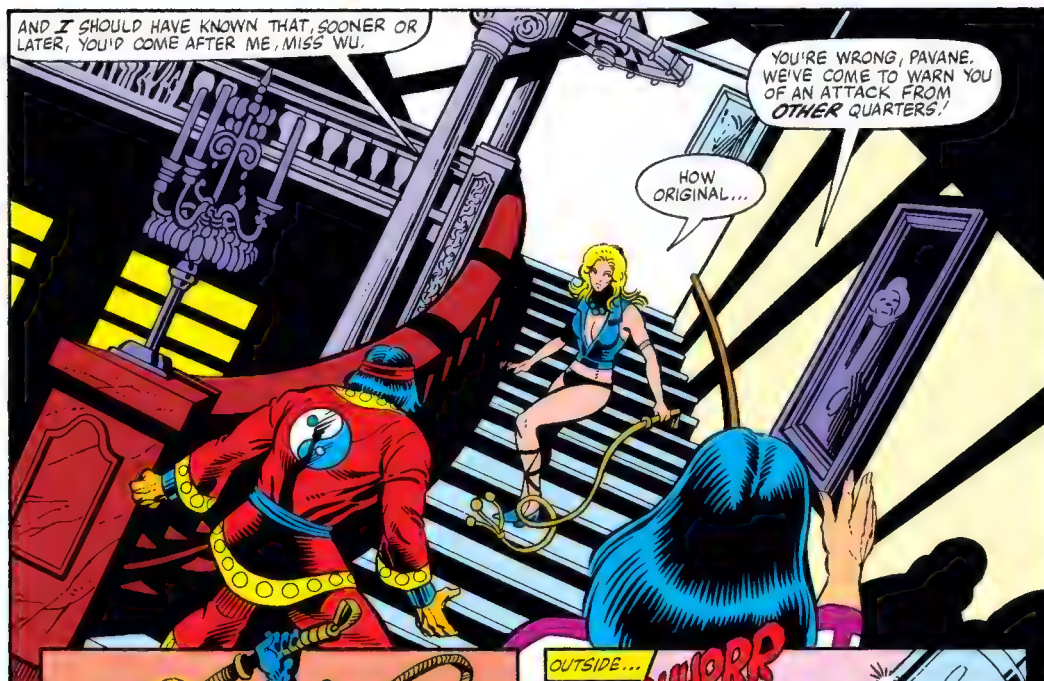
NO ANSWER--

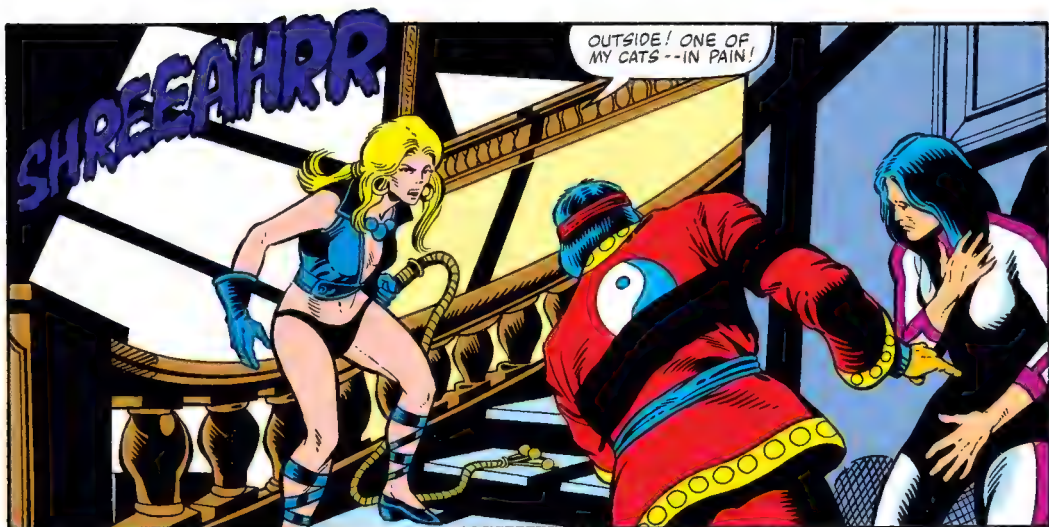


AND HERE COME THE PANTHERS AGAIN! THE WINDOW IS OUR ONLY CHOICE! LEIKO--!

AHHRRR

"THE SECURITY OF THE HOUSE MUST BE GAINED IN THE QUICKEST WAY POSSIBLE!"





"PAVANE HAS SEEN THIS, SEES ME FIGHTING RAZOR-FIST EVEN NOW, YET **STILL** SHE ATTACKS LEIKO..."

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, MISS WU, BUT I'M STILL GOING TO DESTROY YOUR FACE!

NO! WE'RE ON **YOUR** SIDE, PAVANE, YOU **FOOL**!

"THIS NEVY RAZOR-FIST IS NEARLY AS SKILLED AS THE ORIGINAL, NOT AS STRONG BUT JUST AS SWIFT-- AND IF HIS SINGLE BLADE RENDERS HIM LESS LETHAL BY HALF..."

STOP IT, PAVANE! RAZOR-FIST WANTS YOUR LIFE AS MUCH AS OURS!

I THINK NOT-- OR YOU WOULDN'T BE SO DESPERATE!

I DON'T KNOW WHO'S WHO HERE, BUT I WON'T FIND OUT BY LETTING YOU TAKE ME WITHOUT A FIGHT!

"...THEN HIS POSSESSION OF A HAND MORE THAN COMPENSATES IN VERSATILITY."

HWOK

FALL, LITTLE MAN!

I'LL DEAL YOUR FINAL BLOW IN A MOMENT--

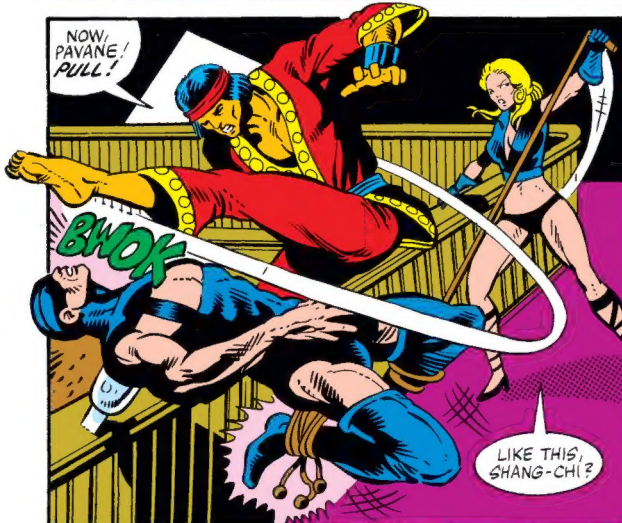
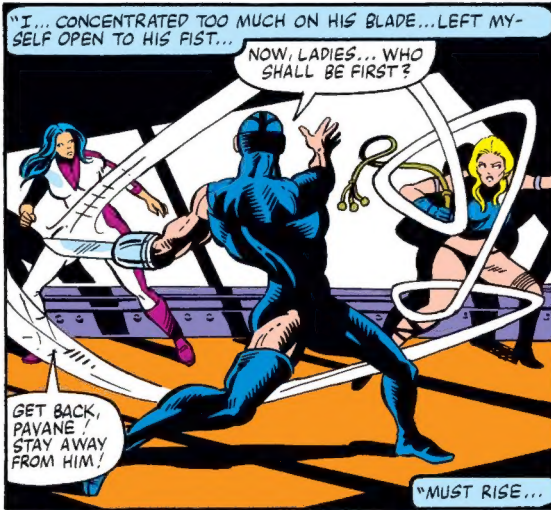
--BUT PAVANE MUST BE THE **FIRST** TO DIE!

WHAT?! HE REALLY **DOES** WANT TO KILL ME TOO!

A FINE TIME TO FIND YOUR SENSES, LADY! NOW UP AGAINST THE WALL--WE'LL TRY TO HOLD HIM OFF TOGETHER!

"DEFEATING HIM WILL BE NO SIMPLE TASK."

"VISION DIM... BLURRED... BUT... GOT TO RISE... GOT TO!"



AT FIRST I WASN'T SURE IF RAZOR-FIST WAS FOR OR AGAINST ME. IF AGAINST, THEN I ASSUMED YOU WERE IN LEAGUE WITH HIM, SINCE MI-6 HAS BEEN IN LEAGUE WITH HIS EMPLOYER AND MI-6 IS **YOUR** EMPLOYER...



NOT ANYMORE-- AND BESIDES, IF ANYONE WAS IN LEAGUE WITH AN ASSASSIN LIKE THIS RAZOR-FIST, IT HAD TO BE THE **OLD** MI-6--AND THEY WERE LONG AGO CLEANED OUT OF THE AGENCY.

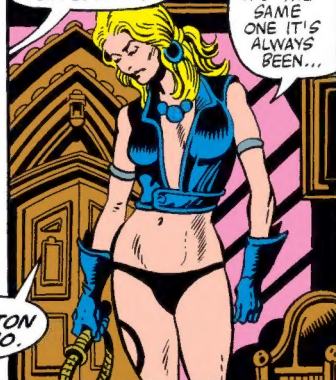


CARLTON VELCRO.

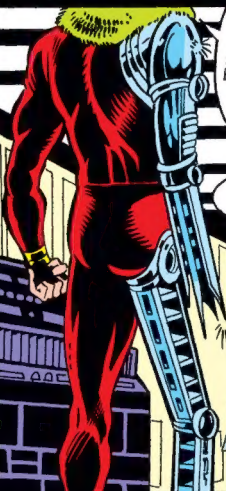
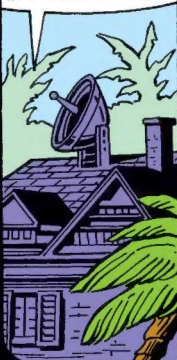
PERHAPS, YOU **WERE** TELLING THE TRUTH BEFORE...

AND JUST WHO **IS** RAZOR-FIST'S NEW "EMPLOYER"?

NEW--? IT'S THE SAME ONE IT'S ALWAYS BEEN...



AH, RAZOR-FIST, YOU'VE ARRIVED IN GOOD TIME. GIVE YOURSELF A FEW DAYS' REST BEFORE YOUR NEXT MISSION. IN THE MEANTIME--



--YOUR BROTHER SHOULD BE ELIMINATING PAVANE JUST ABOUT NOW.

AND THEN, VELCRO--?



AND THEN, WE SHALL DEAL WITH SHANG-CHI AND HIS FELLOW EXPATRIATES FROM THE OLD MI-6.

WE SHALL MAKE THEM BEG AND WHINE, RAZOR-FIST, UNTIL THEY **DIE**.

THEN VELCRO DID **NOT** DIE...?

HARDLY. HE'S BEEN ACTIVE FOR YEARS. OH, HE GAVE UP HIS DREAM OF BECOMING A ONE-MAN NUCLEAR POWER, BUT HE NOW RUNS A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL ASSASSINATION BUREAU.

IN LEAGUE WITH THE OLD MI-6...



...WHICH IS WHY THEY LET US BELIEVE HE WAS DEAD--A PERFECT COVER. WELL, AT LEAST WE'VE STOPPED HIS RAZOR-FIST ASSASSIN...

AND ONE OF THEM IS DEAD. BUT WE'VE STILL GOT HIS **BROTHER** TO DEAL WITH.

ONE OF THEM, ANYWAY.

OR DIDN'T YOU KNOW--? THEY WERE TRIPLETS.



HOUSE OF ASSASSINS!

MISSIVES TO THE MASTER!

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

DENNIS O'NEIL
EDITOR
RALPH MACCHIO
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Doug,

It is extremely rare for a comicbook to move me (or my wife) to tears. There is an inherent obstacle to such emotionalism rooted in the very nature of comics, an obstacle which can be surmounted only by truly excellent writing — and the list of writers capable of it can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

"Lost Art" in MASTER OF KUNG FU #97 moved both of us to tears more than once in its brief 22 pages, not to mention the fact that it also has us laughing in close proximity to the tears, and gave us plenty of food for thought as well — all with no calories.

From beginning to end, in every aspect, this is one of the handful of finest Marvel comics ever. The constant and consistent use of yin and yang, the meditations over purity and loss of innocence, the layouts and artwork (kudos to Mike Zeck and Gene Day), but especially the poetic, reflective writing all combined for an overall experience running the complete gamut of emotions and yet still offering grist for the intellect.

"You are breathtaking... the focus of the night, of this time and place... and the reality of you will live forever, frozen in my eyes." I may yet frame this passage because even now, as I copy it, the tears start to come.

"Come — we are what we are." It seems so simple, yet so often it is forgotten — to the loss of both parties in any relationship, especially love.

Believe me, Doug, this issue proves that you (and Mike & Gene) have suffered no loss of art... to the triumph of us all.

Thank you.

Howard G. Anshell
3646 Marlesta Dr.
San Diego, CA 92111

Ladies and Gentlemen,

If ever there were a feature to excell in turning ordinary plots into extraordinary stories, it was, and is, MOKF. "Lost Art" is a fine example.

For me, it was a tad much in the rising and advancing ruminations department, but I discovered that when I skipped over the large text boxes at the page bottoms I still had an interesting story to move through.

Then I went back. Shang-Chi continues to develop in a truly fascinating manner. His broodings on his past, and on violence, seems to be leading him to a more mature sort of human peace within his soul. Perhaps violence itself is not really the problem, but rather, overmastering passion.

It's nice to be serene and in control, but if you truly care about things it will be difficult to remain serene while seeing those things threatened. In the past I had some trouble seeing Shang as a romantic figure simply because love involves giving up part of your self-control. Shang's rigid thinking has always seemed overly rooted in supremacy of will. Well, will has very little to say in matters of love.

With all this in mind, I was one of those who was always glad to see Shang lose control on appropriate occasions. And I'm now glad to see him coming to grips with the inevitable eruption of violence and rage. I'm glad to see him striving to embrace all the human aspects into his own self-image — those aspects which should be, and those which simply are. I begin to suspect that issue #100 may be a peculiar sort of animal, highly unusual in how it marks the character's anniversary.

Two other things. First, the copy at the bottom of page 30 was a devil to read; I almost resorted to holding a ruler under the lines so I wouldn't get lost.

And second, Leiko has the best pair of legs in comics today.

verde
RD #4 Box 797
Franklin, PA 16323

Dear Doug,

As soon as I started to read #97 I knew this was one of Doug Moench's all-too-infrequent "psychological study" issues. I treasure these stories in which Doug probes deeply into the mind of Shang-Chi (not that we don't see facets of it in every issue) and wrestles mightily with some basic philosophical question. Sure, there was the seemingly obligatory fight, but even that dovetailed very well with Shang-Chi's ruminations.

A lot of Shang-Chi's internal "debate" this issue dealt with the seeming duality of man's nature and man's experience. Many readers might tend to dismiss this as so much philosophical and/or psy-

chological poppycock. For their benefit I'd like to briefly outline a few related points. The more I read about modern physics (and I'm not a trained or skilled physicist, so don't hold me to technical exactitude), the more I wonder if Nature itself might not be dual, if duality might not be a basic aspect of Nature rather than an invention of man (i.e. man's supposedly dual nature may actually be a reflection of the "real world" and not an invention of morality or psychology). I'll give two examples, the first dealing with light. For a long time physicists have been puzzling over the identity of light — over what it really is. Some experiments indicate that light must be wavelike in essence (falling within the so-called electromagnetic spectrum), but other experiments seem to dictate that light is made up of a stream of particles, the massless photons. And let me emphasize that certain experiments can be explained *only* if light is assumed to be a wave (e.g. the properties it exhibits when passing through differing media), while *other* experiments can be validated only if light is assumed to be particulate (e.g. its deflection properties). The two are mutually exclusive. Traditional thought has it that the contradiction is only *apparent* and will eventually be explained by some as yet unknown connecting factor, and maybe such thought is correct. But the last I heard, certain modern physicists were hypothesizing that light really possesses a *dual nature*, that it is somehow two "distinct" things in one.

The other example concerns "handedness." Traditionally, the difference between right- and left-handedness (as a physical property, not a physical trait) has been seen as purely subjective. But they've recently found that on a subatomic basis all matter is left-handed (warning: I could have this reversed). Thus, changing the handedness of matter would create entirely new entities. Come to think of it, there's a third and more obvious example of duality, in a way — the duality of the human brain as exhibited by its really quite different hemispheres. In fact, recent work in this area hypothesizes that at least part of the difference between Oriental and Western culture might derive from the fact that Westerners are basically left-brain dominant while Orientals are apparently, and in the main, right-brain dominant. This right-brain/left-brain dominance business is still in the early stages of investigation, however, and it may yet turn out that both cultures are same-brain dominant with only localized differences.

T.M. Maple
Toronto, Ontario

Whew. Thanks to Howard for his thanks. Thanks to verde for his/her comments on romance and the loss of control And thanks to Mr./Ms. Maple for the science lesson. What has the success of *Omni* wrought — ?

NEXT ISSUE: With the conclusion of the "City Asea" tale, Gene Day really gets cranked up to peak performance in "Master Assassin." And — we introduce the surprise inking sensation of the century to aid and abet the redoubtable Mr. Day. Be here in thirty.

See you then.

ATTENTION! Here are some more of the folks who entered Marvel's Win-Yourself-Some-Big-Bucks Contest! Is your name here?

Marc Greenberg Philadelphia, PA	Tony Owens St. Paul, MN	Robert Frierson Shreveport, LA	Robert Hartwell North Vernon, IN
Jay Cooper Yukon, OK	Denny Darmer Arab, AL	Chip Mueller West Union, OH	Michael Hudson Tuscaloosa, AL
Michael Kaiser Chicago, IL	Anton Collins Pittsburgh, PA	J.B. Martin Yardley, PA	Kyle Dawson Venice, CA
Eleuterio Rolon Brooklyn, NY	Paul Zarbock Crestwood, IL	Mark LaPointe Slingerlands, NY	Paul Muczynski Madison Heights, MI
Harold Washburn Council Bluffs, IA	Steve Criss Fernley, NV	Tok Hyong Yi Arlington, VA	Matt Morris Coalinga, CA
Ralph Stoppello Providence, RI	Scott Hayes Chappell, NE	Carl Hickmon Columbia, SC	Herbie Holmberg St. Lomita, CA
Ricky Hoepner Elmore City, OK	Todd Beck Maroa, IL	James Merner Livonia, MI	Vincent Nevells Irvington, NJ
Billy Bush Proctorville, OH	Clint Soo Wilkesboro, NC	Troy Anderson Port Orford, OR	John Louis Darh Maxton, NC
Bryant Delafosse Beaumont, TX	Derek Walters Springfield, IL	Guy Mock Jr. Johnstown, PA	Edwin Peyant (No Address Given)